ATLAS
LORNA, THE JUNGLE QUEEN
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LORNA, THE
JUNGLE
QUEEN
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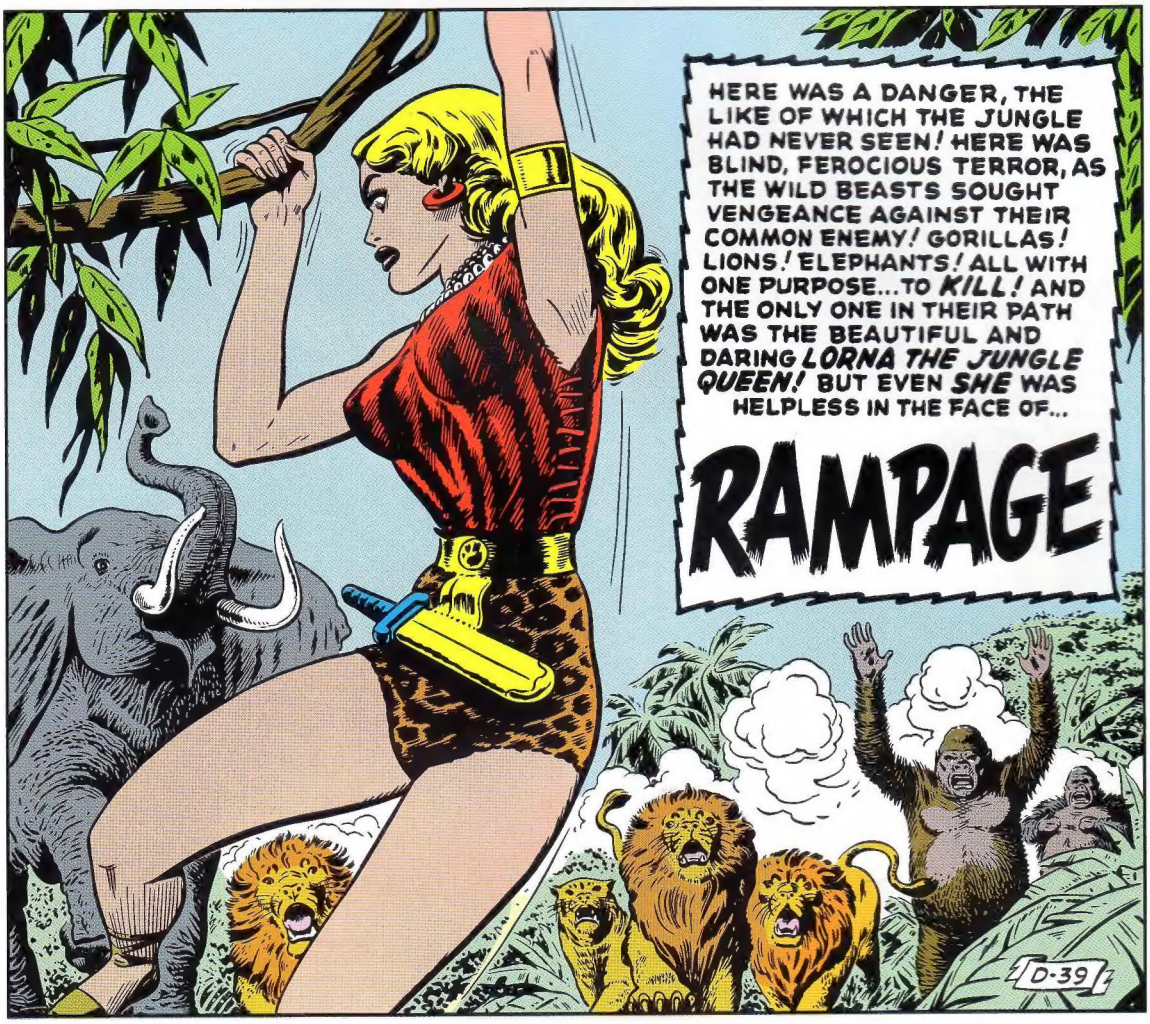
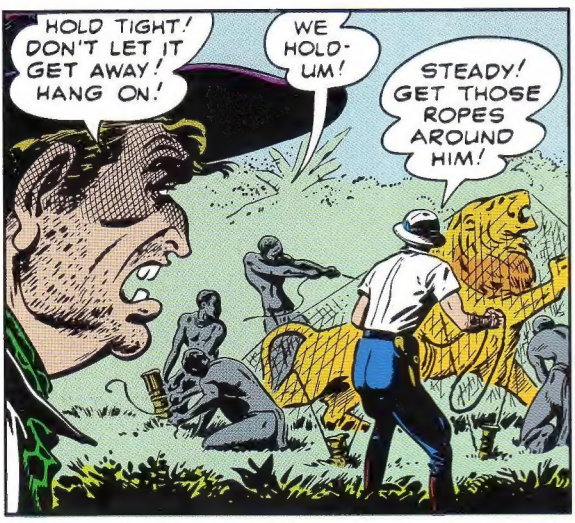
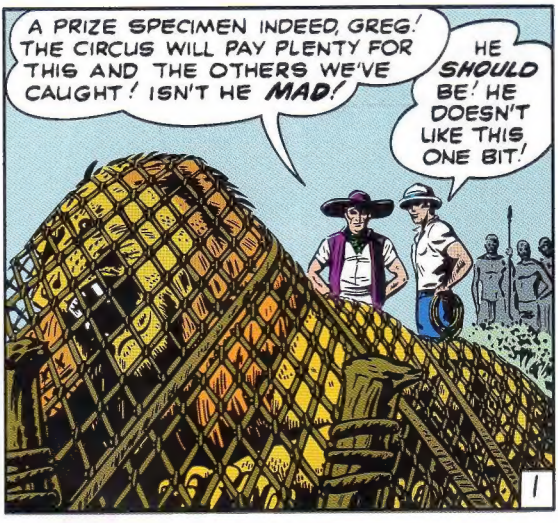
# LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN


HERE WAS A DANGER, THE LIKE OF WHICH THE JUNGLE HAD NEVER SEEN! HERE WAS BLIND, FEROCIOUS TERROR, AS THE WILD BEASTS SOUGHT VENGEANCE AGAINST THEIR COMMON ENEMY! GORILLAS! LIONS! ELEPHANTS! ALL WITH ONE PURPOSE...TO KILL! AND THE ONLY ONE IN THEIR PATH WAS THE BEAUTIFUL AND DARING LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN! BUT EVEN SHE WAS HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF...
RAMPAGE
D-39





A PRIZE SPECIMEN INDEED, GREG! THE CIRCUS WILL PAY PLENTY FOR THIS AND THE OTHERS WE'VE CAUGHT! ISN'T HE MAD!
HE SHOULD BE! HE DOESN'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT!
1

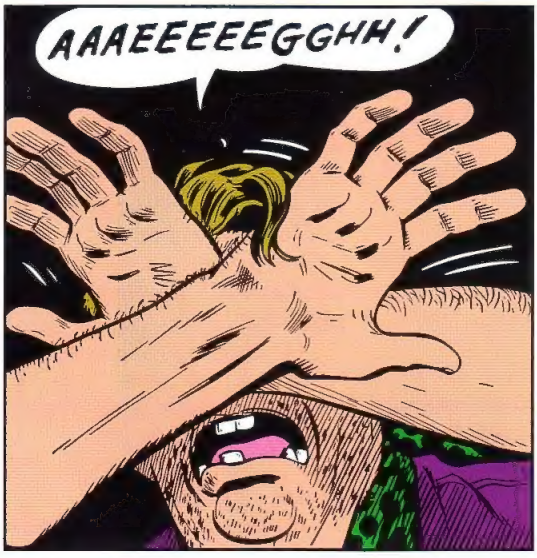
HOWEVER, YOU SAY THEY'RE WELL TREATED IN THAT CIRCUS YOU WORK FOR, SO I GUESS THEY'LL BE BETTER OFF THERE THAN HERE IN THE WILDS!
OF COURSE!
B'WANA! APE! APE!
GET HIM, GREG! GET HIM! HE'S A BEAUTY!
I'LL TRY!
LORNA!
WHAT THE HECK! A DAME!
WHAT IS THIS, GREG? ARE YOU GOING IN FOR THE WHOLESALE CAPTURE OF ANIMALS?
IT'S OKAY, LORNA! THIS IS MR BOGGS... HE AND HIS PARTNER QUINN WORK FOR A BIG CIRCUS COMPANY... AND THEY'RE HERE TO GET ANIMALS TO TAKE BACK WITH THEM!
A WILD JUNGLE DAME! WELL, WELL, WELL!
I'M NOT WILD, MR. BOGGS... AND NEITHER ARE THESE ANIMALS... AS LONG AS THEY'RE LEFT ALONE!
I RESPECT THEM AS MUCH AS YOU DO, GIRLIE! AND WE TAKE VERY GOOD CARE OF THEM... MAKE SURE THEY GET PLENTY OF FOOD AND EVERYTHING!
THEY'RE HAPPY ENOUGH HERE! NO ANIMAL IS HAPPY CAGED UP!
LISTEN, LORNA, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! THEY'RE OKAY, I TELL YOU! YOU'RE ONLY A WOMAN AND IN THE WAY!
QUITE CUTE... AND SHE SEEMS TO LIKE YOU, GREG!
BAH! SHE GETS IN MY HAIR! ALWAYS MESSING INTO THINGS THAT ARE MEN'S BUSINESS!
WELL, MIKKI, GREG STILL DOESN'T KNOW THE JUNGLE WAYS AS WE KNOW THEM, EH?
CHEE!
2

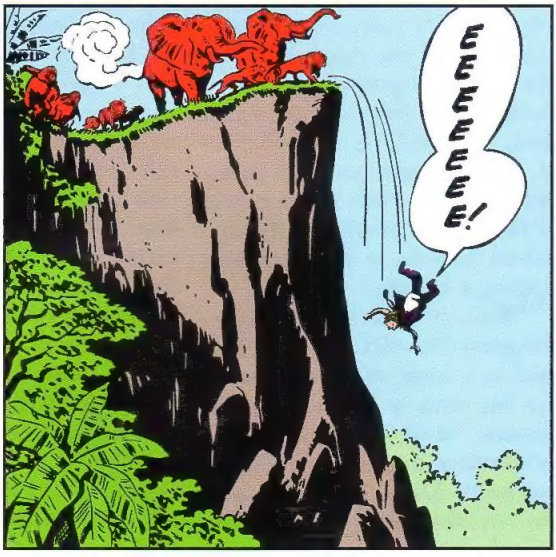
NICE GOIN', BOGGS! AND I'M DOIN' LIKE YA SAID... STARVIN' 'EM SO THEY'LL BE MEAN AN' TOUGH WHEN THOSE CIRCUS PEOPLE LOOK AT 'EM! WE'LL FOOL THEM LIKE YA FOOLED THE NATIVES AND THIS GREG GUY!
YEAH! THE MEANER THESE ANIMALS ARE, THE BETTER PRICE WE CAN ASK FOR THEM, QUINN! THERE'S ONE MORE TO GET... AND WE'RE THROUGH!
LATER...
CAPTURE AGU, THE GIANT? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NOT ONLY IS HE TOO BIG TO TAKE ALIVE, BUT HE BELONGS HERE... AND NO PLACE ELSE!
BUT ALL I WANT TO DO IS TAKE MOVIES OF HIM! THERE'S NO HARM IN THAT! COME ON, GREG! FIND HIM FOR ME!
SO GREG SET OUT WITH BOGGS ON THE TRAIL OF AGU, THE GIANT, KING OF THE GORILLAS...
KEEP ON DOING WHAT YOU WERE, QUINN!
SURE, BOSS!
LET'S GO, MIKKI! GREG DOESN'T WANT US ALONG, BUT I MAKE MY OWN LAWS IN THE JUNGLE!
YAH, YA UGLY BEASTS! YA WANT FOOD, HUH? STARVE.. GET MEAN! I LIKE YA BETTER THAT WAY!
GET MAD! SCREAM! GO ON! HA! HA! HA!
EEAAAHH!
R-R-R-I-P!
3

DRIVEN MAD BY HUNGER, THE BEASTS FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM! THE ELEPHANTS RIPPED LOOSE THE ROPES THAT BOUND THEM. TO STAKES, THE GORILLAS AND LIONS TORE THROUGH THE BARS OF THEIR CAGES... THE JUNGLE HAD GONE WILD!
RO RARAGH!
MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE...
WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO WHERE AGU, THE GIANT HANGS OUT! GET YOUR CAMERA READY!
THIS IS THE ONLY THING I'M GETTING READY!
CLICK!
WHAT? DO YOU INTEND TO KILL AGU?
SURE... IF I CAN'T CAPTURE HIM, I'LL STUFF HIM!
WHY YOU ...
YOU'RE NOT STOPPING ME!
COME, MIKKI! GREG'S IN TROUBLE!
WHACK!
AAARRR AGGHHH!
IT...IT'S AGU...THE GIANT GORILLA!
4

THIS ELEPHANT GUN OUGHT TO STOP HIM!
BARA-BOOM!
IT... IT BARELY HURT HIM! GOT TO SHOOT AGAIN!
YOU'RE ALL THRU WITH SHOOTING, YOU MURDERER!
ULP!
YOU AGAIN!
YES! YOU FOOLED GREG, BUT NOT ME! YOU DON'T MEAN ANY GOOD TO MY ANIMALS!
AGU! GO AWAY!
NO DAME'S STOPPING ME! YOU GOT ANY PRAYERS... SAY THEM!
RRRRRAAAARRRAAA!
WH...WHAT'S THAT?
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE THE ONE TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MASS ROAR IS? LISTEN!
RAMPAGE! THAT'S WHAT IT IS! IT'S ALL THE BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE... LOOKING FOR YOU, BOGGS!
5

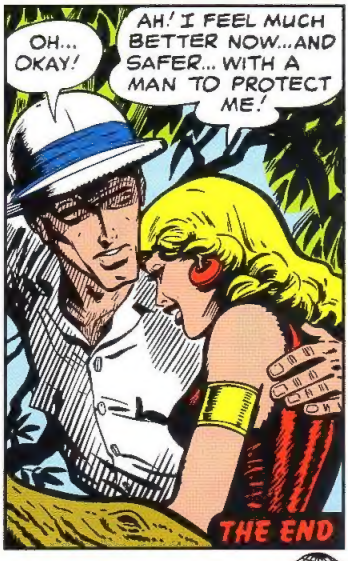
LEMME OUTTA HERE!
WHERE WILL YOU GO, BOGGS? THE JUNGLE IS VAST! THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
WHAT THE... LORNA!
COME, GREG! NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS! THE ANIMALS ARE ON A RAMPAGE!
I'LL FOLLOW YOU! YOU KNOW A WAY OUT OF THIS!
ROARROARRARROUGH
I'M TOO SMART FOR YOU! I'M STILL ALIVE!
LOOK, BOGGS! SEE WHERE WE ARE... AND TRY TO ESCAPE NOW!
A CLIFF! WE'RE AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF!
...AND THE ANIMALS ARE GETTING CLOSER, BOGGS!
BUT HOW ABOUT US, LORNA?
6



SEE, GREG? THE BEAST ARE NO LONGER ANGRY! THEY HAVE THEIR VENGEANCE... AND NOW THEY'LL GO BACK TO THEIR DENS AND LAIRS!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
7

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, LORNA... YOU DO COME IN HANDY ONCE IN A WHILE!
DO I? BUT I'M ONLY A WOMAN, GREG... AND I'M GETTING WEAK... SO HOLD ON TO ME TIGHTLY!




ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS

# THE MAN ON THE TIGER

IT was three years ago that Martin Foley first pushed the decayed and creaking doors of the *Cafe Tangiers* open, and strode in, determined not to leave Africa until he had made a fortune. The first year was a bitter disappointment. He came out of it five thousand dollars poorer, with one finger missing from a snake bite and an excessive desire for rum.

The second year yielded little more. The heat wasted away his once sturdy flesh and the hotter it got the more he drank. Now it was the third year, a hot, humid afternoon of the third year, and Martin Foley pushed the rotted doors apart for the millionth time, it seemed. He walked slowly, his step unsteady and uncertain, toward a table in the corner of the cafe. A middle-aged, grey-haired man sat at the next table sipping a brandy.

"Well, it it isn't McClellan—the great Jim McClellan!" Foley said in a loud voice, flourishing his hat with a pseudo-dramatic gesture. "And what brings Africa's famous hunter to this stinking hole? Didja get bored with the swanks in their air-conditioned mansions up on Diamond Hill?" Then Foley laughed scornfully and sat down, uninvited, at Jim McCellan's table.

"Is it a nasty disposition or the heat, or both with you, Foley?" McClellan grunted, annoyed that Foley had joined him. "You know, I don't think I've ever seen you when you haven't been insulting someone, picking a brawl, or just plain disagreeable. It seems to be a habit with you rather than a mood," McClellan continued coolly.

"It's neither, my friend. When I'm thirsty, I'm apt to be a bad boy. And I'm thirsty right now. Waiter! Waiter!" Foley yelled.

A tall native hurried to the table soundlessly on his bare feet.

"A double rum and the same for Mr. McClellan," Foley ordered, emphasizing the "Mr." The waiter nodded and disappeared as quickly and quietly as he had come.

McClellan sat twirling the stem of the brandy glass between his thumb and forefinger, watching Foley's face twitch involuntarily. Foley's face always twitched when he was thinking about his one burning obsession.

"I'm going to do it this year," Foley growled. Loosening his shirt another button, he turned his flushed, strained face toward Jim Mclellan, his eyes blazing with insane greed. "I'll make a million this year if I have to kill everything and everybody that gets in my way." His khaki shirt reeked of rum and perspiration as he leaned closer to the English hunter. "Tell me how," he whispered hoarsely, "tell me how, Jimmy."

McClellan lifted his glass and looked into the amber contents as though it held some mystery.

"There's a legend," he said, "about a man deep in the jungle who rides a tiger. Find that man and you'll find a fortune."

"Superstitious rot!" Foley sneered. "Maybe the natives go for that bunk, but don't tell *me* about a man on a tiger."

"All right, Foley, you asked me and I told you. Believe it or not, it makes no difference to me. You're the man interested in looting a fortune from Africa, not I." McClellan finished his drink quickly and rose from the table to leave. His departure was halted by a rough jerk that sat him back firmly in the bamboo chair.

"No so fast! We haven't finished our conversation and it just ain't gentlemanly to walk away in the middle of a conversation," Foley snarled menacingly.

"I've said all I have to say to you, Foley," McClellan replied, releasing his arm from Foley's grasp.

"Wait," Foley pleaded now. "How do I find 'im? Supposin' all this is true about the man on a tiger . . . How do I find 'im?"

"The natives say he's in the Kumari country. Good luck, Foley," McClellan finished lightly and walked out of the cafe.

Martin Foley wasted no time in organizing a safari, although he encountered difficulty in persuading a guide to take him through the vast and dangerous tract of thick jungle that led into the territory of the Kumari tribe. After a good deal of persuasion and the payment of a large sum of money, he hired the services of an agile young native named Ju-ju.

"No one ever comes back from the Kumari," Ju-ju warned over and over.

"Oh, shut up!" Foley snapped. "I'm sick of that song and dance. Get those packs together and let's get going."

Ju-ju pointed a slender finger toward the sky.

"Now what?" Foley growled with exasperation.

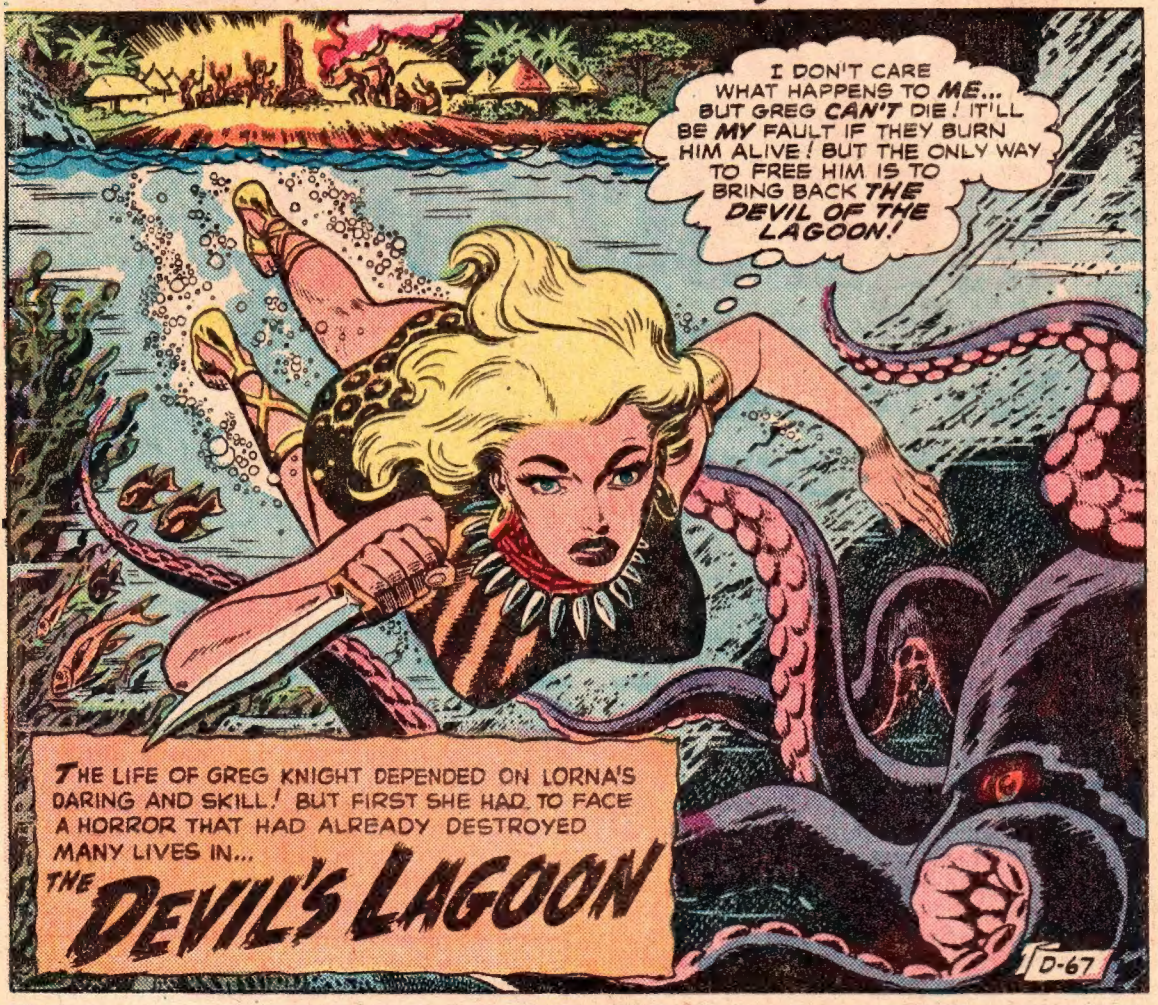
"The rain comes soon," Ju-ju returned. "Bad in the jungle when the rain comes."

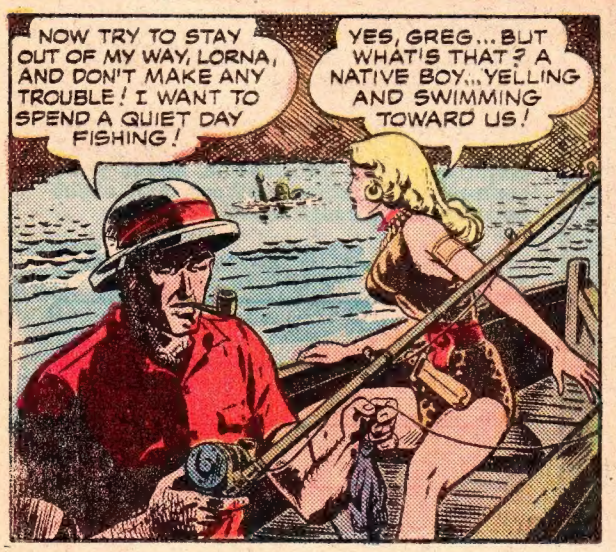
"Let it snow for all I care. Now tell your boys to get a move on." Foley's face began to twitch. Already his nerves were raw and the trip was still ahead, but the vision of a cave full of gold and diamonds gave him renewed energy.

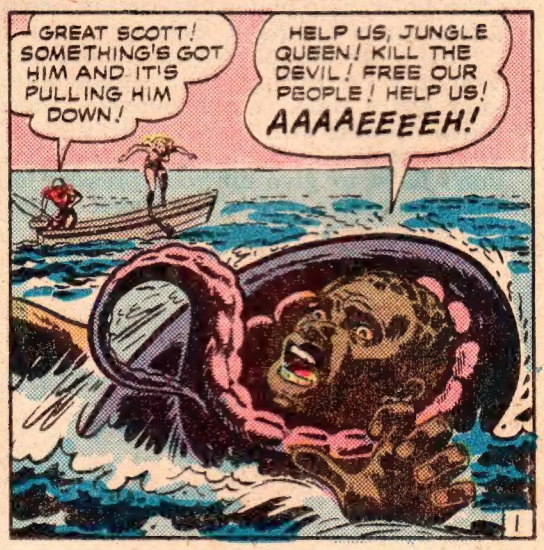
It was after the fifth day of heavy rain, a humid, insect-infested jungle, and a tangle with a cobra that even the vision of a mountain of diamonds failed to lighten Foley's black mood. He growled and barked at the natives until he was hoarse, then took to beating Ju-ju when he could no

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY—

# LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN


I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME... BUT GREG CAN'T DIE! IT'LL BE MY FAULT IF THEY BURN HIM ALIVE! BUT THE ONLY WAY TO FREE HIM IS TO BRING BACK THE DEVIL OF THE LAGOON!
THE LIFE OF GREG KNIGHT DEPENDED ON LORNA'S DARING AND SKILL! BUT FIRST SHE HAD TO FACE A HORROR THAT HAD ALREADY DESTROYED MANY LIVES IN...
THE DEVIL'S LAGOON
D-67


NOW TRY TO STAY OUT OF MY WAY, LORNA, AND DON'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE! I WANT TO SPEND A QUIET DAY FISHING!
YES, GREG... BUT WHAT'S THAT? A NATIVE BOY... YELLING AND SWIMMING TOWARD US!


GREAT SCOTT! SOMETHING'S GOT HIM AND IT'S PULLING HIM DOWN!
HELP US, JUNGLE QUEEN! KILL THE DEVIL! FREE OUR PEOPLE! HELP US!
AAAAEEEEH!

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU CAN'T KILL AN OCTOPUS BY YOURSELF! HE'LL GET *YOU* FIRST!

DOWN THEY DOVE, DEEP INTO THE WATERS OF THE LAGOON! THEN LORNA POINTED...

A GIANT DEVILFISH GUARDED HIS UNDERWATER LAIR, SAVAGE EYE GLEAMING AT THE INTRUDERS!

NOW SHE'S DONE IT! THAT THING'S COMING AFTER US... AND WE CAN'T SWIM FAST ENOUGH TO GET AWAY IN TIME! WE'RE FINISHED... THANKS TO AN INTERFERING FEMALE!

BUT WITH ONE HAND LORNA GRABBED GREG, AND WITH THE OTHER SHE CAUGHT ONTO THE SHELL OF A TURTLE WHO WAS SWIMMING SPEEDILY AWAY FROM THE CHARGE OF THE ENRAGED DEVILFISH!

GOTTA HAND IT TO HER! SHE *DOES* THINK OF SOMETHING NOW AND THEN! HURRY UP, MR. TURTLE!

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE!

IT'S AS GOOD AS A MILE! WE'RE SAFE, AREN'T WE? *LOOK!* NATIVES!

HAIL, JUNGLE QUEEN! ONLY *YOU* CAN SAVE US FROM THE DEVIL OF THE LAGOON! OUR BRAVEST MEN HAVE DIED... KILLED BY HIM!

HE HIDES IN THE WATERS... KILLING OUR MEN WHO GO AFTER FISH... THE FOOD WE NEED TO LIVE! *YOU* ARE OUR *QUEEN!* *SAVE US!*

HE WANTS *ME* TO KILL THE DEVIL-FISH!

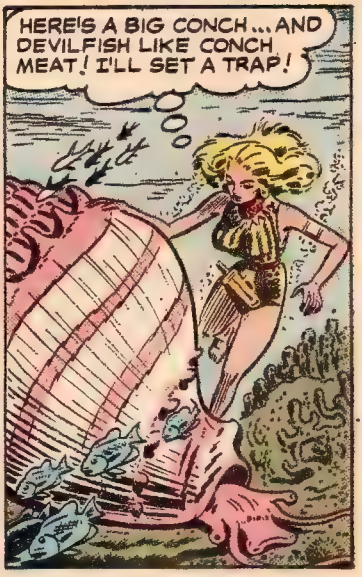
THAT'S OUT!

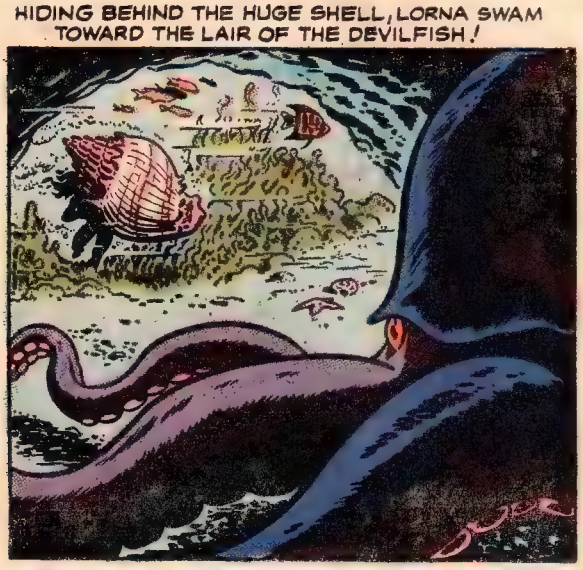
BAGA DAROB! MEEKA! KEEBO MAGA POG!
WE NEED UNDERWATER GUNS AND... HEY! WHAT ARE YOU TELLING THEM? I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY'RE LOOKING AT ME!

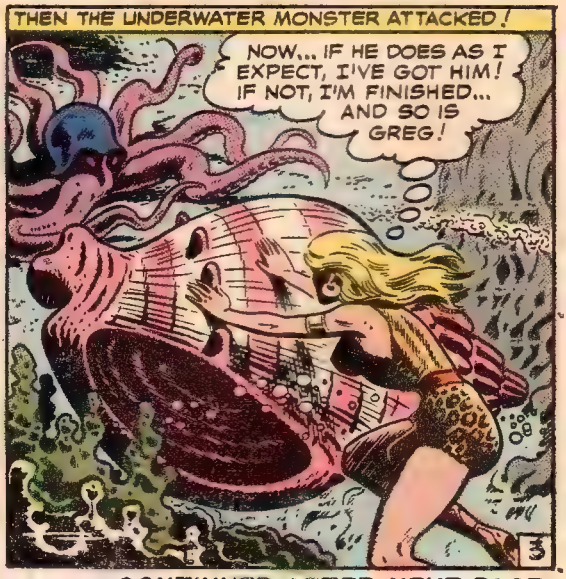
WHAT THE...! THEY'RE TRYING TO GRAB ME!
IT'S NO USE, GREG! YOU CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL! YOU'D TRY TO STOP ME IF I WENT AFTER THE DEVILFISH, SO I'VE GOT TO STOP YOU!

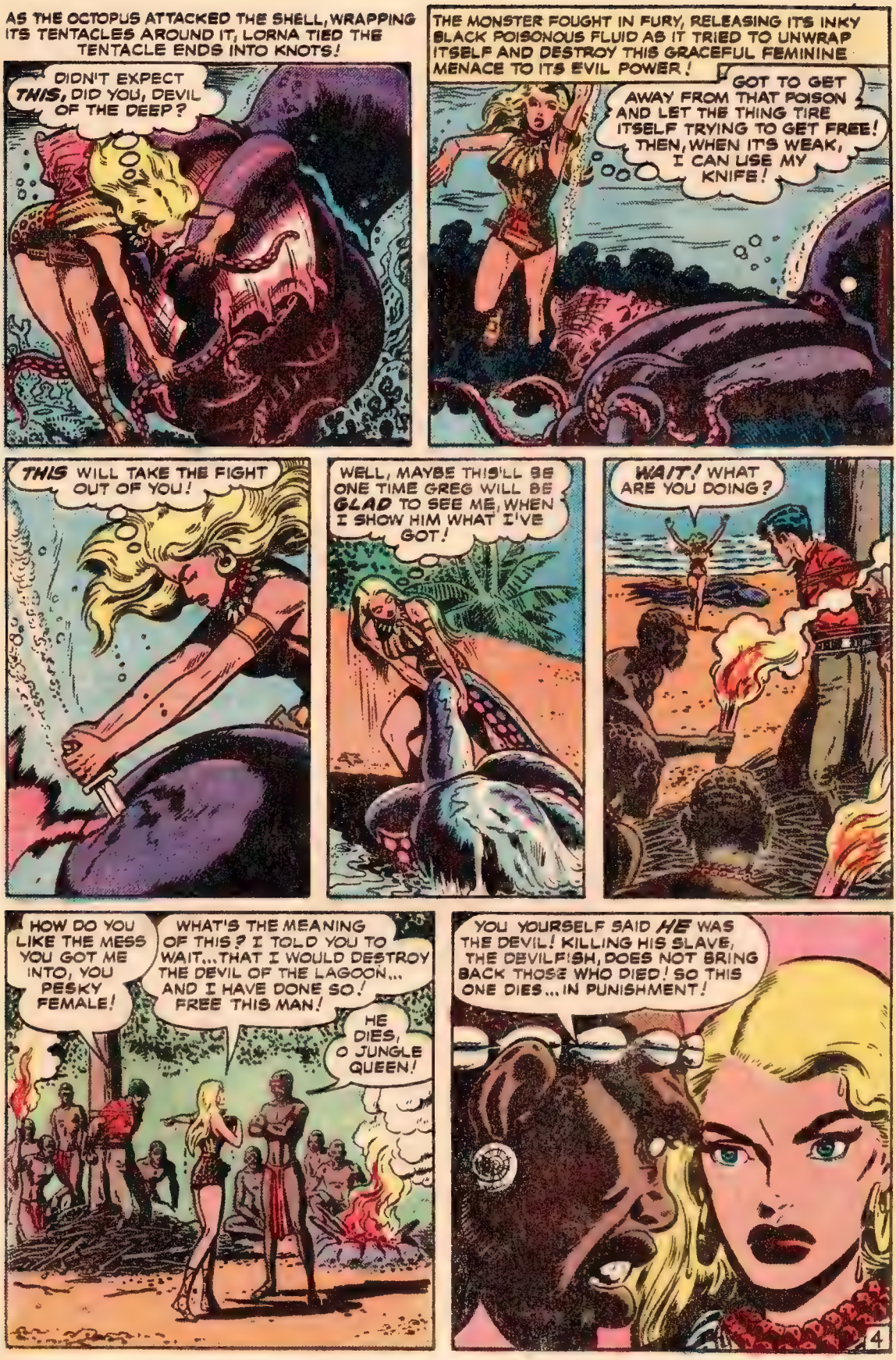
I TOLD THEM THAT YOU WERE THE REAL DEVIL... AND THAT THE OCTOPUS WAS YOUR SLAVE! THAT OUGHT TO HOLD YOU UNTIL I DO MY JOB!
WHY, YOU... YOU... YOU DAME! OF ALL THE STUPID, IGNORANT...

POOR GREG! I HOPE HE FORGIVES ME AFTER THIS... BUT I DOUBT IT! STILL, I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THE DEVILFISH!


HERE'S A BIG CONCH... AND DEVILFISH LIKE CONCH MEAT! I'LL SET A TRAP!


HIDING BEHIND THE HUGE SHELL, LORNA SWAM TOWARD THE LAIR OF THE DEVILFISH!


THEN THE UNDERWATER MONSTER ATTACKED!
NOW... IF HE DOES AS I EXPECT, I'VE GOT HIM! IF NOT, I'M FINISHED... AND SO IS GREG!
3


AS THE OCTOPUS ATTACKED THE SHELL, WRAPPING ITS TENTACLES AROUND IT, LORNA TIED THE TENTACLE ENDS INTO KNOTS!
DIDN'T EXPECT THIS, DID YOU, DEVIL OF THE DEEP?
THE MONSTER FOUGHT IN FURY, RELEASING ITS INKY BLACK POISONOUS FLUID AS IT TRIED TO UNWRAP ITSELF AND DESTROY THIS GRACEFUL FEMININE MENACE TO ITS EVIL POWER!
GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT POISON AND LET THE THING TIRE ITSELF TRYING TO GET FREE! THEN, WHEN IT'S WEAK, I CAN USE MY KNIFE!
THIS WILL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU!
WELL, MAYBE THIS'LL BE ONE TIME GREG WILL BE GLAD TO SEE ME, WHEN I SHOW HIM WHAT I'VE GOT!
WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE MESS YOU GOT ME INTO, YOU PESKY FEMALE!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? I TOLD YOU TO WAIT... THAT I WOULD DESTROY THE DEVIL OF THE LAGOON... AND I HAVE DONE SO! FREE THIS MAN!
HE DIES, O JUNGLE QUEEN!
YOU YOURSELF SAID HE WAS THE DEVIL! KILLING HIS SLAVE, THE DEVILFISH, DOES NOT BRING BACK THOSE WHO DIED! SO THIS ONE DIES... IN PUNISHMENT!
4

WAIT! DO NOTHING UNTIL I COME BACK!

NOTHING CAN SAVE HIM EXCEPT THE RETURN OF OUR LOVED ONES... ALIVE!

LORNA DOVE INTO THE DEEP TOWARD THE CAVE, AND SWAM INTO IT!

IF I BRING BACK THE BODIES SO THEY CAN BURY THEM PROPERLY, MAYBE THEY'LL BE SATISFIED WITH THAT, AND LET GREG FREE! I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!

WHAT? THERE'S NO WATER IN HERE!

AND...AND THEY'RE ALL ALIVE! BOUND TO THE ROCKS WITH UNDER-WATER GROWTH! THIS WAS THEIR PUNISHMENT FOR FISHING IN THE DEVILFISH'S DOMAIN! THEY WOULD HAVE STARVED TO DEATH!

GO! GO FREE! SWIM TO THE SURFACE... FAST!

WE GO, O JUNGLE QUEEN!

AND SOON... GABODA! LOOK! OUR LOVED ONES! FREED FROM DEATH!

IT IS DONE AS YOU ASKED! YOUR PEOPLE ARE BACK...; ALIVE AND WELL!

FREE HIM!

WELL, IT WAS NICE MAKING THE LAGOON SAFE FOR THOSE NATIVES, WASN'T IT, GREG? GREG! DO YOU HEAR ME?

I HEAR YOU...

AND THIS IS ONE RIDE THAT YOU CAN SWIM HOME FROM, "O JUNGLE QUEEN"!

SOME MEN JUST HAVE NO GRATITUDE!

THE END

...CONTINUED

longer hurl vile curses at their tired faces and weary backs.

At night, the hot, heavy air settled on his chest like a leech, sucking the breath from his lungs. And at night, the insects came in droves, in great legions of buzzing, droning horror. Foley prayed for sleep as other men might pray for food and water, but he faced each new day without having closed his eyes.

The safari moved deeper and deeper into the wet jungle, through country no hunter had ever traveled and returned from. Toward the end of the second week, Ju-ju called the safari to a halt and pointed to the east.

"Kumari just ahead," he announced.

"Well, what are we stopping for?" Foley asked.

"We go no further," Ju-ju said and threw his pack on the ground.

"Why, you blasted little crook! I paid you to take me into the Kumari, not to the edge of it. If you dare leave me here, I'll put a bullet through you before you go ten yards," Foley warned and pulled his automatic from its holster.

All Foley remembered was a slight rustling sound behind him when he awoke that night. He rubbed his head and his hand moved over a large swelling at the base of his skull. Then he heard the drums, at least a hundred of them, like thunder in the distance. Struggling to his feet, he made his way toward the steady beat, beat, into the heart of the Kumari country.

When the scene spread out before his eyes, Foley could barely believe what he saw. Torches flamed in a huge outer circle, making a ring of fire behind the drummers. Inside, a huge fire blazed and around that fire rode a white man on a tiger, the most enormous tiger Foley had ever seen! He crept down from the ledge to get a closer view of the strange spectacle, and it was then that he was almost blinded by what seemed to be a band of pure sunlight around the tiger's neck. Venturing still closer, Martin Foley saw that the tiger wore a band of diamonds around his neck as large as eggs!

The man on the tiger lifted his arm and the drums stopped. He spoke several sentences in Kumari, sprinkled something from a leather pouch into the fire, then rode the tiger out of the circle. Apparently this ended the ceremony, for the natives rose and returned to their huts.

Minutes later, Foley was sitting before the white man who rode the tiger.

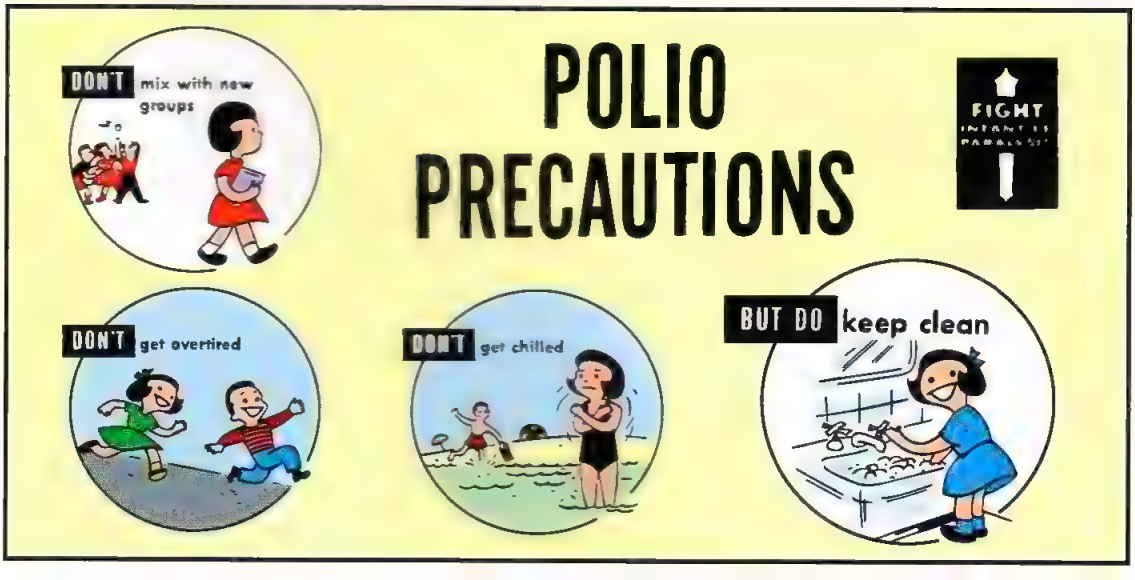
"So you, too, have come to find the secret of the man on the tiger?" the old man said slowly. His face was browned and parched from the sun, and his white hair hung to his shoulders.

"I'll help you get out of here," Foley offered excitedly. "Just take that collar off that cat's neck and the two of us will be rich beyond our dreams for the rest of our lives!"

"First, I do not wish to leave. Secondly, the diamond collar does not belong to me to give away. And last, you cannot remove the collar without killing the tiger, which is unthinkable for many reasons, but primarily because it is the sacred animal of the tribe." The old man sighed. "No, my young friend, go back before it is too late."

Foley looked at the old man, hatred smoldering in his eyes. Then he muttered a hasty goodby and left the hut to look for the tiger. He found him stretched out on a ledge just beyond the village clearing. Stealthily he crept closer and closer, a knife clutched in his fist. Now near enough to kill the tiger, Foley lifted the knife and plunged it into his *own* breast! A shaft of moonlight on the gems had blinded him for just *one fatal second!*

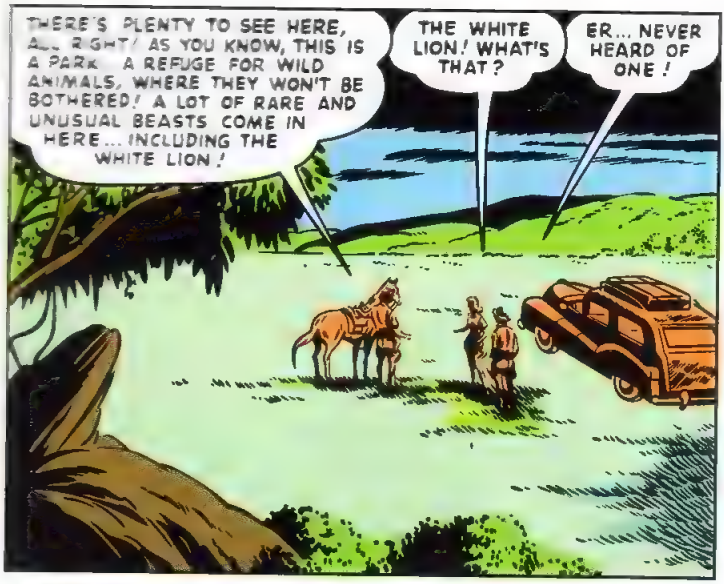
THE END D-304

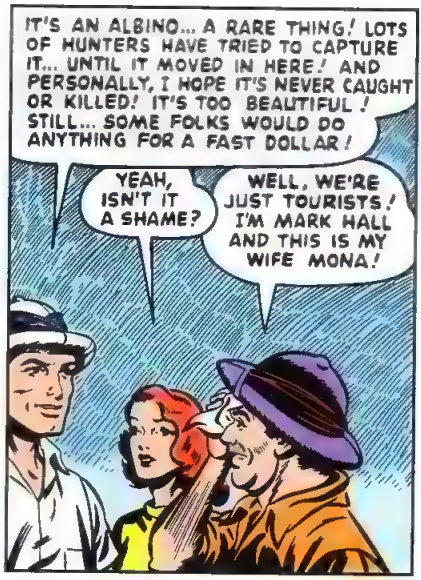


# THE JUNGLE ADVENTURES OF GREG KNIGHT

NO BEAST COULD BE HUNTED, TRAPPED OR KILLED IN THE ANIMAL REFUGE WATCHED OVER BY GREG KNIGHT... BUT INTO THIS HAVEN OF THE WILD THINGS CAME TWO CREATURES EVEN WILDER AND MORE SAVAGE THAN ANY JUNGLE ANIMAL... A MAN AND A WOMAN WITH A FRENZIED DESIRE TO KILL THE... "WHITE LION!"

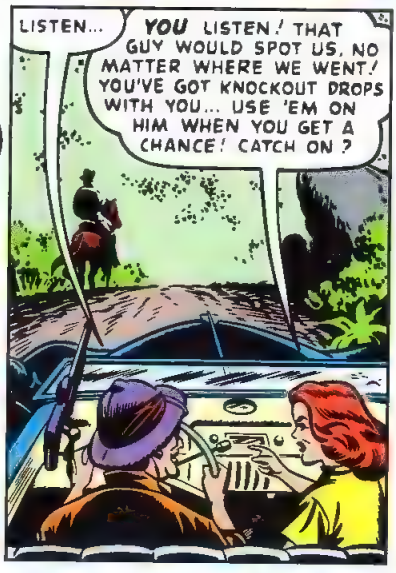
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GREG KNIGHT AND I PATROL THIS ANIMAL REFUGE! ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
OH... HELLO! NO... WE-WE'RE JUST LOOKING AROUND!

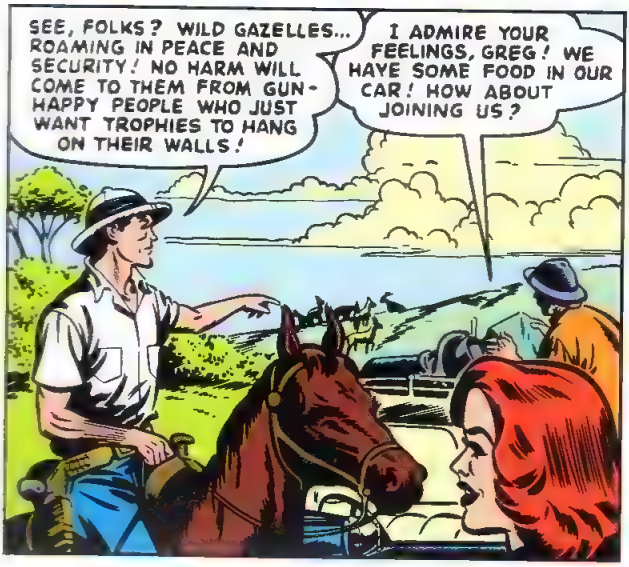

THERE'S PLENTY TO SEE HERE, ALL RIGHT! AS YOU KNOW, THIS IS A PARK... A REFUGE FOR WILD ANIMALS, WHERE THEY WON'T BE BOTHERED! A LOT OF RARE AND UNUSUAL BEASTS COME IN HERE... INCLUDING THE WHITE LION!
THE WHITE LION! WHAT'S THAT?
ER... NEVER HEARD OF ONE!


IT'S AN ALBINO... A RARE THING! LOTS OF HUNTERS HAVE TRIED TO CAPTURE IT... UNTIL IT MOVED IN HERE! AND PERSONALLY, I HOPE IT'S NEVER CAUGHT OR KILLED! IT'S TOO BEAUTIFUL! STILL... SOME FOLKS WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR A FAST DOLLAR!
YEAH, ISN'T IT A SHAME?
WELL, WE'RE JUST TOURISTS! I'M MARK HALL AND THIS IS MY WIFE MONA!

NICE TO KNOW YOU!
HOW ABOUT COMING ALONG WITH US, TO ACT AS A GUIDE, GREG?
BUT, MONA... WE...

WHY NOT, MARK? HE KNOWS THIS AREA... AND MAYBE HE'LL SHOW US WHERE THE WHITE LION IS, AND WE CAN TAKE PICTURES OF IT... CAN'T WE, GREG?
ALL YOU WANT... AS LONG AS YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN IT! I'LL BE HAPPY TO GUIDE YOU!


LISTEN...
YOU LISTEN! THAT GUY WOULD SPOT US, NO MATTER WHERE WE WENT! YOU'VE GOT KNOCKOUT DROPS WITH YOU... USE 'EM ON HIM WHEN YOU GET A CHANCE! CATCH ON?


SEE, FOLKS? WILD GAZELLES... ROAMING IN PEACE AND SECURITY! NO HARM WILL COME TO THEM FROM GUN-HAPPY PEOPLE WHO JUST WANT TROPHIES TO HANG ON THEIR WALLS!
I ADMIRE YOUR FEELINGS, GREG! WE HAVE SOME FOOD IN OUR CAR! HOW ABOUT JOINING US?

IF NOTHING WERE DONE TO RESTRICT HUNTING... THERE'D SOON BE NO MORE WILD THINGS LEFT IN THE WORLD! THAT'S WHY THIS PARK WAS SET UP!
COFFEE'S READY!

HERE'S YOUR COFFEE, MR. KNIGHT!
HOLD IT! DON'T MOVE!
WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER?
SNAKE! (UGH!)
KAPOW
SORRY TO FRIGHTEN YOU, BUT HE WAS RIGHT AT YOUR HEEL, MONA!
WHEW!
THAT WAS FAST! THANKS!
SOME THINGS HAVE TO BE KILLED... BUT ONLY WHEN A HUMAN LIFE IS IN DANGER!
I... OOOHH.
WORKED FASTER THAN IT USUALLY DOES! WELL GET THAT WHITE LION AND BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE COMES TO!
GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, MONA! THAT'S SOME THINKING! LET'S GO!
LATER...
TRICKY COUPLE, THOSE TWO! I SAW THE GUY AIMING AT THE WHITE LION... AND SAW HIM PUT SOMETHING IN MY COFFEE! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'LL TRY NEXT!
HERE, MARK... THE TRACKS OF THE WHITE LION, RIGHT WHERE HE LEFT US! SHOOT FAST THIS TIME!
DON'T WORRY!
THERE HE IS!
STEADY, NOW! YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM WITH ONE SHOT! YOU GET CLOSER... I'LL STAY HERE AND KEEP WATCH!

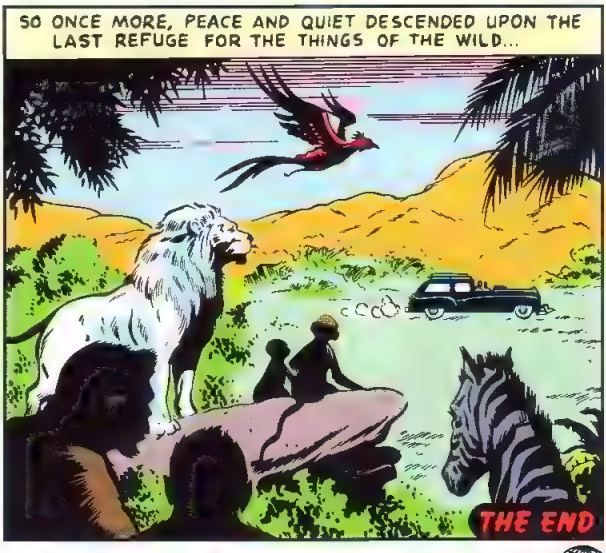
MARK! WHAT HAPPENED?
ARRRGGHH!
MARK! MARK! AAAEEEE!
RRAARRGHH!
HOLD IT, BUSTER!
RRRAARGH!

THERE! IT'S OVER! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR HANDIWORK NOW, MONA?
IT WAS ONLY A WILD BEAST! I'M NOT SORRY HE'S DEAD! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! BUT FIRST... I SWITCHED CUPS WITH MARK! SECOND.. I KNEW YOU WERE AFTER THE LION AND TRIED TO TALK YOU OUT OF IT...
WE WOULD HAVE GOT HIM, TOO... IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG!

I KNOW THIS MEANS A JAIL TERM FOR US, HUNTING ON THE GOVERNMENT'S ANIMAL REFUGE. BUT YOU CAN'T ACCUSE US OF KILLING THE WHITE LION!
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT! TAKE A LOOK!

I ONLY PARALYZED IT... A TRICK I LEARNED FROM A GIRL... A FAR DIFFERENT GIRL THAN YOU... ONE WHO LOVES THE WILD THINGS AND WANTS TO PROTECT THEM! LET'S GO!
5

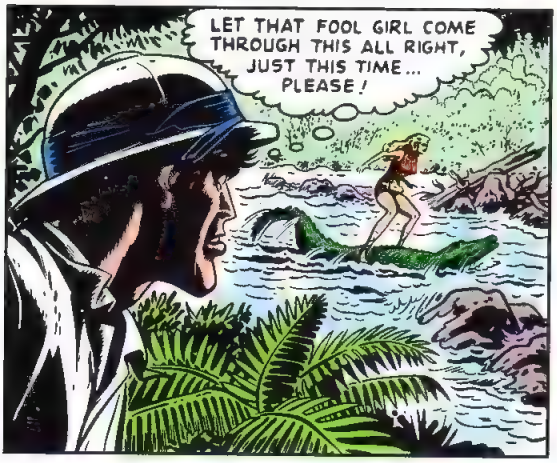



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS

# LORNA THE JUNGLE QUEEN

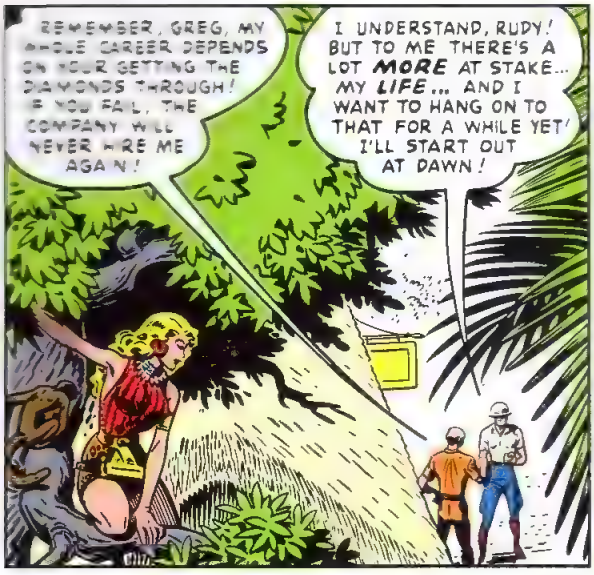
LORNA! LOOK OUT! UP THERE... BEHIND YOU!
TERROR AND DEATH RIDE ON BLACK WINGS, RIPPING WITH HOOKED BEAK AND HORNED TALONS! THE JUNGLE HAS SEEN MANY STRANGE THINGS... BUT NOTHING AS STRANGE AS WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL JUNGLE QUEEN FACES THE FURY OF A VENGEFUL MENACE, WHEN...
The VULTURE STRIKES!
DGG

ON THE BANKS OF THE ANGRY, TURBULENT JUNGLE RIVER, GREG KNIGHT WATCHED AN AMAZING SIGHT AS HE MUTTERED A PRAYER...




AND RUSHING THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS WATERS MOUNTED ON THE BACK OF A GIANT CROCODILE WAS THE LOVELY, RECKLESS JUNGLE QUEEN... *LORNA!*

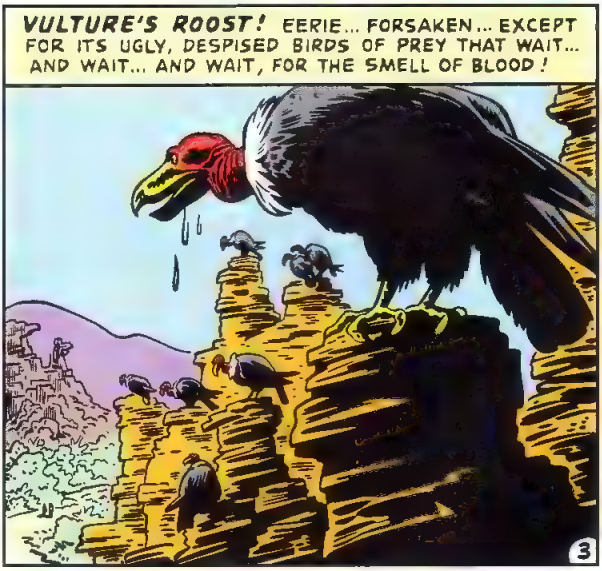
ALL RIGHT, OLD ONE! JUST HOLD ME AGAINST THE CURRENT WHILE I REACH DOWN...
...AND GRAB JUNIOR! GOT HIM!
NOW BEHAVE YOURSELF, LITTLE ONE! I MAY NOT BE AROUND THE NEXT TIME YOU GET STUCK IN A LOG JAM!
SO LONG, YOU TWO!
LORNA, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? THAT OLD CROC COULD'VE TURNED ON YOU ANY SECOND! WHEW! YOU GAVE ME A SCARE!
SORRY, GREG! BUT I WASN'T WORRIED! HE KNEW I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP HIS YOUNGSTER! THESE ARE ALL MY FRIENDS, HERE IN THE JUNGLE!
LIKE ALL WOMEN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! WHY DON'T YOU MARRY SOME NICE QUIET GUY AND SETTLE DOWN SOMEPLACE IN A COTTAGE?
I WILL... AS SOON AS HE ASKS ME! BUT MEANWHILE, I'LL STAY HERE AND RULE MY WILD DOMAIN! WHERE ARE WE GOING, GREG?
RUDY RUDOLPH TRADING POST
YOU MEAN WHERE AM I GOING! YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE! I'VE GOT A MAN'S JOB TO DO! SO LONG!
GUESS HE JUST DOESN'T WANT US AROUND, MIKKI!
THIS JOB ISN'T EASY, GREG! EVERY MAN I'VE SENT TO THE COAST WITH A DIAMOND SHIPMENT HAS BEEN FOUND KILLED AT VULTURE'S ROOST! AND THE DIAMONDS HAVE BEEN MISSING! YOU'RE MY LAST CHANCE TO GET A SHIPMENT THROUGH!
I KNOW, RUDY!
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON! VULTURES DON'T KILL... AND DON'T STEAL DIAMONDS! BUT I'LL GET THESE THROUGH!
I HOPE SO, GREG!
2


REMEMBER, GREG, MY WHOLE CAREER DEPENDS ON YOUR GETTING THE DIAMONDS THROUGH! IF YOU FAIL, THE COMPANY WILL NEVER HIRE ME AGAIN!
I UNDERSTAND, RUDY! BUT TO ME THERE'S A LOT MORE AT STAKE... MY LIFE... AND I WANT TO HANG ON TO THAT FOR A WHILE YET! I'LL START OUT AT DAWN!

HEAR THAT, MIKKI? FIVE DIAMOND CARRIERS HAVE ALREADY BEEN KILLED AT VULTURE'S ROOST! WE'RE GOING ALONG TO MAKE SURE GREG'S NOT THE SIXTH, WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT!
CHEEE!

AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, GREG WAS WELL ON HIS WAY INTO THE JUNGLE, WHEN...

OH, ALL RIGHT, SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY! YOU WOMEN ALWAYS GET YOURSELVES INTO A JAM, AND THEN EXPECT US MEN TO GET YOU OUT! COME ALONG... BUT KEEP OUT OF MY HAIR!
YES, GREG!

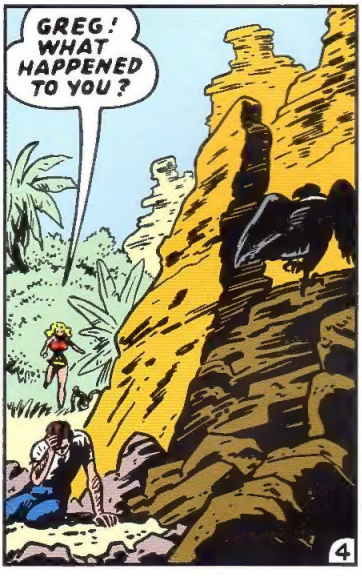

VULTURE'S ROOST! EERIE... FORSAKEN... EXCEPT FOR ITS UGLY, DESPISED BIRDS OF PREY THAT WAIT... AND WAIT... AND WAIT, FOR THE SMELL OF BLOOD!

OTHER CARRIERS HAVE BEEN KILLED HERE... BY VULTURES, THEY SAY... SO WE'VE GOT TO WATCH OUR STEP! ESPECIALLY YOU... YOU'RE ONLY A HELPLESS GIRL!

SOUNDLESSLY, A GIANT VULTURE SPREAD ITS WINGS AND SWEPT DOWN THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF TOWARD ITS VICTIM...

SHARP TALONS REACHED OUT, READY TO SLASH AT GREG'S FACE AND CUT IT TO MANGLED RIBBONS...

SUDDENLY IT STOPPED ... IT LOOKED TOWARD THE WOODS... TOWARD THE SOUND OF A GIRL'S VOICE!



GREG! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HUH? YEAH... OOOH! SOMETHING HIT ME ON THE HEAD AND I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT!
WAIT A MINUTE! THE DIAMONDS! THEY'RE GONE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
YOU'RE LUCKY! THE OTHERS WERE ROBBED AND KILLED! BUT BY WHAT? VULTURES?
CHEEE?
CHEEEEE!
MIKKI! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
CHEEE! CHEEEEH! CHEEEH!
HE SAW SOMETHING... OVER HERE! STAY BEHIND ME, LORNA!
YES, GREG!
THEY CREPT FORWARD IN SILENCE... THE SILENCE OF DEATH... WINGED DEATH... BLACK DEATH WITH TALONS AND BEAK!
LORNA! LOOK OUT!
I SEE IT, GREG! JUMP TO ONE SIDE... FAST!
5

HEY! LET ME GET IT WITH MY GUN! A KNIFE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST A VULTURE!
NOT AGAINST A VULTURE, MAYBE...
BUT THIS ISN'T A VULTURE!
UGH!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DOES A VULTURE CARRY A BAG OF STOLEN DIAMONDS AROUND WITH IT?
AND DOES A VULTURE HAVE A HUMAN FACE UNDER THE VULTURE HEAD... IF YOU WANT TO CALL THIS HUMAN?
HUH? HOLY SMOKE! IT'S... IT'S...
...RUDY!
THAT'S RIGHT!
TOO MANY MEN DIED HERE... AND VULTURES DON'T KILL! ONLY ONE MAN KNEW THE PATH OF THE DIAMOND CARRIERS, AND THAT WAS RUDY! HE STOLE THE DIAMONDS HIMSELF... AND THEN REPORTED THE THEFT TO THOSE WHO HIRED HIM TO SHIP THEM! YOU WERE TO BE JUST ANOTHER VICTIM FOR HIM... A BIG KILLING... TWO WAYS!
AND BLAME THE VULTURES! WELL, THE POLICE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!
SOMETIMES, LORNA, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT'S HANDY HAVING YOU AROUND... ALTHOUGH I COULD HAVE HANDLED THIS MYSELF, YOU KNOW!
OH, SURE! I JUST CAME ALONG SO YOU COULD KEEP AN EYE ON ME, GREG!
CHEEE!
THE END
6

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS

## GET PRIZES...MAKE MONEY

I want to give you your choice of a walkie talkie, an archery set, new golden trumpet, any of the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 28-page catalog. Many prizes are given without cost, for selling just one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per pack.

**NEW, GOLDEN TRUMPET. GIVEN FOR SELLING ONE ORDER.**

"Uncle" Harry Bard, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn PRIZES and extra cash for 35 years.

JEAN, SEE THIS AD OF THE AMERICAN SEED CO. IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET THAT CAMERA I WANT
LET'S SEND THE COUPON TODAY, I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO PLANT SEEDS
YES, BOBBY, WE NEED GARDEN SEEDS. I'LL BUY SIX PACKS
IT WAS FUN AND EASY TO SELL OUR SEEDS AND HERE'S THE MAILMAN WITH OUR PRIZES
THIS IS A NEAT CAMERA WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY- YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM 70 SWELL PRIZES!

# I'll Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke, Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES

### *Just for Selling American Seeds to your Family, Friends and Neighbors*

## BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly, to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once.

Thousands of boys and girls have been earning prizes this easy way for 35 years. Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for your order of American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Or, keep $1.60 in cash for each 48-pack order you sell. *SEND NO MONEY, I TRUST YOU.*

**AMERICAN SEED CO.**
**Dept. 406, Lancaster, Pa.**

**MAIL THIS COUPON Today**

**AMERICAN SEED CO.**
**Dept. 406, Lancaster, Pennsylvania**

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c a pack, send you the money, and choose my prize.

Name_____

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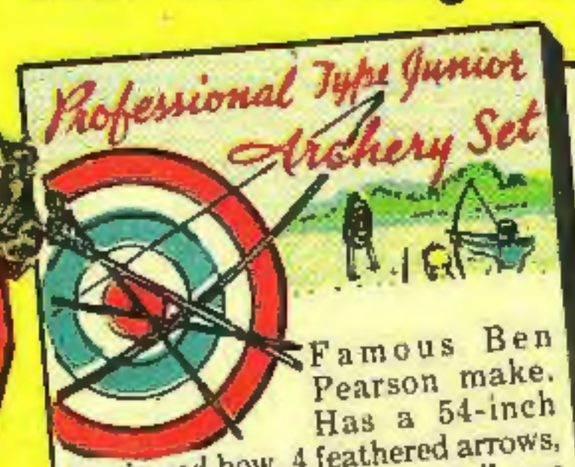
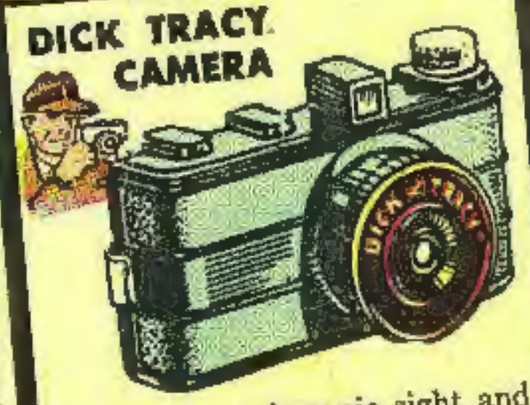



Famous Ben Pearson make. Has a 54-inch hardwood bow, 4 feathered arrows, target face, instructions. Sell one order of American Seeds plus 75c.

**DICK TRACY CAMERA**



Camera has telescopic sight and fixed focus. Comes complete with carrying case. Sell one order.

**BOYS! GIRLS! WRIST WATCHES**

Gold-plated Girl's Bracelet Watch. Sell one order plus $2.50. Boy's Radium Dial Watch. Sell one order plus $1.50.

**JET PLANE**

Attach wings, light fuse, away it goes. Flies 500 feet high. Given for selling just one order.

**FULL SIZE UKULELE plus ARTHUR GODFREY'S** famous "push button" player. Both given for one order plus 50c.

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Available in Red, Green, Navy Blue or Brown. Sell one order.

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Complete kit for younger boys and girls. Basketball, baseball, football, whistle! Sell one order.

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Remco's complete 2-way talking system. Just string out the wire—start talking. No batteries needed. Sell one order of American Seeds.

**EXTRA $1,500 IN GRAND PRIZE AWARDS**

1st Prize $250 — 2nd Prize $150 — 3rd Prize $100

**PLUS 20 DELUXE *Schwinn* BICYCLES**

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**DAISY'S RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE**
A fast-shooting 800 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus $2.00.

**MAIL THIS COUPON . . . SELL AMERICAN SEEDS AND EARN PRIZES LIKE THESE**